

DRIVING TO SAUK CITY

This land won't lie down
like a nice dog after a beating.
It keeps coming back.
Hot. Cold. Empty.

Men wear out,
take their families into town for good.

The skeleton of a Lutheran church
gathers a congregation of young maples.
The graveyard has stopped growing
and gone to seed.

Brick walls last a long time
even by themselves.

The windmill still turns
but someone pulled up the pipe
and shot the cistern full of holes.

-- Warren Woessner

Madison WI

CLOUD 9

he's really not a bad sort
but when I'm in the lowest and darkest of
pits
he always phones, and in a most cheerful
voice he'll ask:

"how ya doin', buddy?"

and I'll have the same answer for
him:

"I'm fucked, can't find my way out."

"oh, that's too bad. I'm on cloud 9. need
somebody to drink with?"

"no, it's all right."

"well, remember my number, buddy. give me a call
sometime."

"sure."

I hang up and look at the phone.
it's light green.

if I can ever figure when that son of a bitch
comes down off his speed
I'll dump him straight into his
coffin.